

T.S. Eliot:

I'll read next a short poem belonging to the following period, written, that is to say, four years later, for comparison with what I just read. "Morning at the Window."

They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens, and along the trampled edges of the street, I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids sprouting despondently at area gates. The brown waves of fog toss up to me twisted faces from the bottom of the street, and tear from a passer-by with muddy skirts a nameless smile that hovers in the air and vanishes along the level of the roofs.

The chief interest in reading that poem is to show how strikingly inferior it is to the previous poems written four years earlier.

[LAUGHTER]

One doesn't always move ahead at every stage.